

Metal Wings

Conquest

Feel that strange
Weakness of your hands. It's
Part of your human role
Free your rage,
Search for any chance to
Change the core of your soul

Throw wicked flesh
To the pack of hounds
Find burning hell
And call it home.

Now your dreams
Spin like gear-wheels and
Current flows through your hear
Wear the skin
Crafted from the steel and
Find your soul torn apart

Alter your fate,
Change your destination.
Hunger and pain
Will light the way

Let the rain wash away
Sins from your metal wings
Hold your breath, let the death
Sing on your metal wings

Hide your desires
Under metal plates and
Wait for the wind
To spread your wings